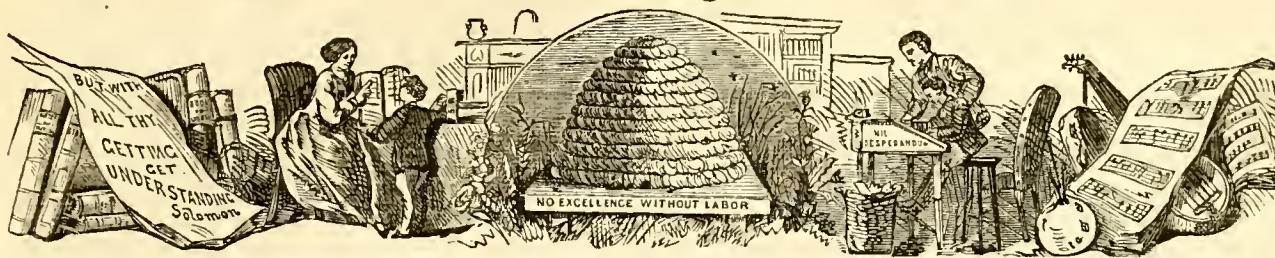


Holiness to the Lord!

The Juvenile Instructor



VOL. 6.

SALT LAKE CITY, SATURDAY, MAY 27, 1871.

NO. 11.

FRENCH FLEET SAILING FOR THE BALTIc.

BOLDLY and gallantly these ships are steaming away to their destination. It is easy to perceive that they are vessels of war, and from their number that the voyage is an important one. It is the French ironclad fleet, which sailed out from Cherbourg a few days after the French declaration of war against Prussia, with the intention of going to the Baltic where it was expected to operate against the Prussians. The vessels had plenty of provisions given them for a long voyage, and the officers and sailors expected, very likely, to do the Prussians a great amount of damage. The French navy was so much larger than that of Prussia, that it was confidently thought it would inflict serious damage upon the Prussian ports, and that whatever the result of the contest on land might be, there could be no doubt about the French being easy victors on the sea. But in this, as in everything else connected with this remarkable

war, the French anticipations were not realized. The fleet accomplished little or nothing. By using torpedoes at the mouths of their rivers, and along their coasts, the Prussians kept the French ships at bay. They dare not enter the waters where these deadly instruments of destruction were placed, for fear they would be blown up.

This fleet which went to the Baltic made strenuous efforts to effect a landing and destroy the country around; but the Prussians had placed everything in a complete state of defense, with a large army to guard the coast between the forts.

The Americans have very excellent reasons for thinking highly of the French navy; for it rendered very great aid to our country in the war of the Revolution. When the Earl of Cornwallis, commander of one of the British armies, was at

Yorktown, Washington was exceedingly anxious to close the war by a bold stroke; and to accomplish this, he gathered all his troops and directed them against the British at that point. By his energy he succeeded in concentrating over sixteen thousand men, composed of regular American troops and militia, and also French. But Cornwallis would have received aid from Sir Henry Clinton, the commander-in-chief, at New York, had it not been for the timely aid of the French navy. Count de Grasse was the commander of the fleet, and he succeeded in

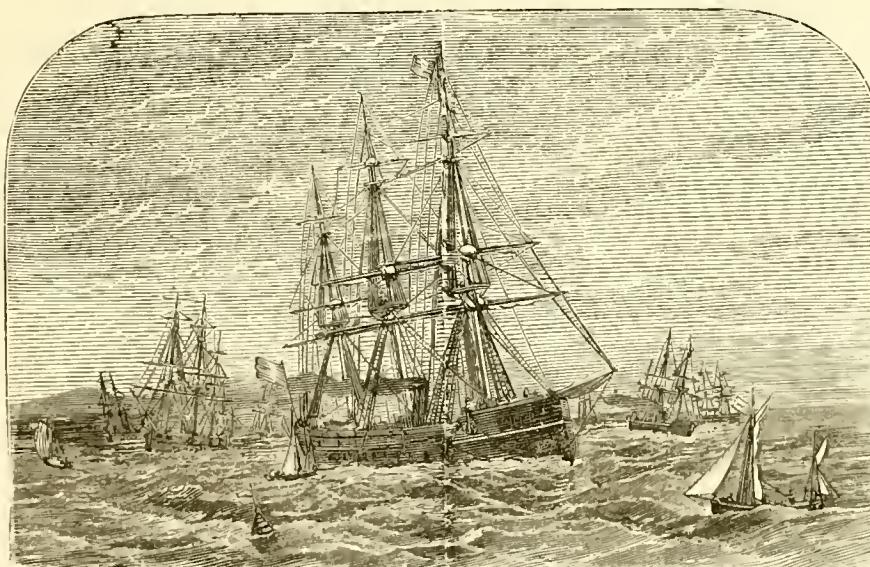
preventing Admiral Graves, the commander of the British fleet, from communicating with Cornwallis. They fought a partial action, during which both sides lost a good many officers and men, and one of the English ships was so damaged, that after taking out her people and stores they set fire to and burned her. Graves, after remaining some days and finding the entrance to the Chesapeake

blocked up by a force with which he could not contend, with any hope of success, returned to New York, fearing if he stopped any longer he would be caught in the equinoctial gales. Cornwallis was thus left to his fate, and was compelled to surrender to Washington, which terminated the War of the Revolution.

Speaking of Count de Grasse, Washington afterwards said: "His name will be long deservedly dear to this country on account of his successful co-operation in the glorious campaign of 1781."

The French navy was then fighting in a good cause, and was greatly blessed as the means of helping to establish liberty upon this land.

They had a bad cause in the late war with Prussia,



[For the *Juvenile Instructor*.

Chemistry of Common Things.

PYRITES-NO 2.

WHILE it may be said of pyrites, truthfully, that "all is not gold that glitters" we would not by any means consider that all pyrites are worthless, even for the gold contained therein. The gold may be distributed invisibly throughout the mass of pyrite, and amount to only the five thousandth part, and yet be recovered profitably, it is said. It is frequently when the pyrites are perished as such, by decomposition, that gold is distinguishable to the eye; although, at times metallic gold may be seen curiously blended with the pyrites.

There is a variety of pyrites that is very beautiful and remarkable, it has a tarnish that frequently resembles the colors of the rainbow. This kind is named on that account "iridescent pyrites," this variety does not usually form in cubes, it is a sulphide of copper and iron, there are specimens of this interesting mineral in our Museum.

Now the student may readily know the true pyrite, (iron pyrites) from chalco-pyrite (copper pyrites) by the inferior hardness of the last named variety, by scratching the surface with a knife. The name of this mineral signifies "brass pyrites," from chalcos, the ancient name of a yellow kind of copper ore, a large amount of this ore is reduced in the west of England for the copper it contains.

The changes pyrites undergo in the earth are the result of the instability of compounds containing sulphur. Some of our most pleasing minerals are the result of changes of this nature. Pyrite by oxidation, passes into an oxide of iron after absorbing sufficient oxygen to become a sulphate of iron. Then the carbonates of lime, in water, carry off the sulphuric acid of the sulphate of iron (green vitriol) the sulphuric acid combining with the lime forming sulphate of lime (gypsum). The carbonic acid then set free, unites with surrounding oxides in various proportions, forming carbonates. The much admired blue and green carbonates of copper from the "Mammoth lode" of Tincit, and of other places are oxides of copper, that have been acted upon in this manner. Sometimes lime also combines, forming "lime malachite" a mineral of a fine green tint and silky lustre.

Perhaps the use of pyrites is never seen to better advantage than in the manufacture of ornaments and articles of jewelry; at a distance the brilliance of some varieties is equal to that of some gems. They are in fact gems differing from those ordinarily used as such in being opaque, instead of transparent. Some of the most singular and pleasing optical toys may be made by the ingenious, by the skillful arrangement of pyrites. Two pieces of looking-glass have to be set in a box at right angles, that is to form an angle of ninety degrees, or quarter of a circle. Small pieces of pretty rocks, besides pyrites, may be used with advantage. The whole should be massed in such a manner that a reflection from the surfaces of the glass may show each variety of rock as far as practicable. In this way, pleasing optical illusions are made; and, a little practice and ingenuity will soon make any one an expert in manufacturing some of the most pleasing ideal views of the rocks of Utah. In this way also small pieces of looking glass that are now thrown away as useless, may be made useful, as they may be cut into shape by a glazier; or the toy looking glass may be used for this purpose, and, the time of many young students be spent in a pleasing and profitable manner.

There is yet another variety of pyrites to be noticed, because it occurs among our minerals, this contains nickel. It is of a white color resembling silver, and frequently mistaken for that

metal. This kind contains arsenic, its formula will show its constituents, Fe_2S plus Fe_2As , it is frequently seen in crystalline rocks, and generally an associate of minerals that contain silver.

The nature of pyrites, is now pretty well known, they are no longer "fool's gold" to those who exercise the observant faculties. Instances have been known where persons have hidden up large quantities of pyrites in cellars and concealed places, so that when the good time came to sell out with safety, they could be the wealthiest of a community. Alas! disappointment attended such labor; the way to wealth is by well directed honest industry, gold always costs as much as it is worth, in labor, to any body of people who seek after it. The way to make wealth of pyrites, is to utilize the sulphur contained therein, to change it into sulphuric acid, and manufacture the sulphates of iron (green vitriol) alumina (alum) and for other mordants, articles used in fixing colors in dying, as well as for a large number of things that add to the comfort, elevation and wealth of all.

BETH.

RETRENCHMENT.

Read before a meeting of the Young Ladies' Co-operative Retrenchment Association of the 13th Ward.

Young Ladies—

It is necessary for us to keep this subject before our minds. We must not only express our good intentions, but we must practice them.

Retrenchment, as we are called to act upon it, signifies, reduction, lessening or leaving off in folly and vanity, not only in dress extravagance, but in all that pertains to the pride and fashion of the world, which is in opposition to the spirit of the gospel.

This movement has been started none too soon, for the daughters of Zion needed stirring up to the subject; and now, that we are aroused to the importance of becoming noble women, instead of dolls of fashion and vanity, we should realize that the evil one, will place greater temptations and obstacles in our path, and by every artifice, seek to entice us to serve him instead of the true and living God.

Our Father in heaven will bless and sustain us in our good endeavors, if we will only be steadfast and energetic; and we must remember that each and every one must "dare and do" right for herself.

As far as folly and extravagance in dress are concerned, I feel that the other sex is more or less at fault. The influence of our gentlemen friends is not in the direction to strengthen reform. Ladies do not go to extremes and overdress and ornament themselves so much to please and fascinate each other, as to attract the admiration of the other sex. And whenever men cease to pay more attention to gaudily-dressed, foolish girls, than the modest, sensible and unassuming ones, it will have a tendency to stimulate the would-be fashionables to emulate the wise and good, and seek to become noble helpmates in the kingdom of God. But we must not wait for this favorable crisis—it is for us to set an example—let others follow.

Z. W.

When fame is regarded as the end, and merit as only the means, men are apt to dispense with the latter, if the former can be had without it.

A DANCER once said to Socrates, "You can't stand so long on one leg as I can." "True," replied the philosopher, "but a goose can."

META'S REWARD.

"Sweet and low, sweet and low,
Wind of the western sea,"

sang Meta, as she sat in the plain though comfortable farm house kitchen, shelling peas; and Aunt Faith, hearing her from up-stairs where she was making the beds, said softly to herself, while a sympathizing smile broke over her comfortable, homely face, "How that child does love poetry." And ever and anon, as some sweet strain was wafted up to her through the open window, and "Sleep, my little one, sleep, my pretty one, sleep," came in soft cadences to her ear, she would stop her work and listen, and feel for the child so all alone in the world in regard to sympathizing hearts, though surrounded by so many people.

Little Meta (for though she was sixteen years old, she was so delicate that every one called her little) was the only daughter of a large family. Her father, Farmer Hardy, married early in life, and brought his wife immediately home to his large and well-stocked farm; and for the forty years of their married life they had lived very happily together, for he needed no intellectual companionship, and she was well content with the homely round of duties that each day brought her, and with the rough though hearty love of the hale old farmer. Their children had all been boys (eleven brave sons to gladden the mother's heart), when, one beautiful spring day, God sent them a little daughter to be the sunshine of their home. But, as neighbor Gray's wife said, "How could Meta, that delicate, blue-eyed, sunny-haired little creature, ever be the child of rough Farmer Hardy and his wife?" And, indeed, it did seem strange; for as she grew up she seemed different, set apart from, and intellectually superior, to all those around her.

Poor Meta, no one ever seemed to take any interest in what interested her. Her father would laugh and pinch her ears—for he was always good-natured where Meta was concerned—when she mentioned books, and tell her she had much better learn how to milk the cows than to be poring over all that stuff that she called poetry. Her mother was a hard-working woman, who worked for the real love of it, and whose ideas never rose above butter-making and pickling, and she would scold at the girl for spending so much of her time in what seemed to her but nonsense. On this morning, when we see the little book-worm at her homely occupation, Mrs. Hardy had gotten into a worse state than usual over Meta's "foolery" as she called it, and had even gone to the length of hiding away her dearly cherished book of poetry. But still she sang from memory one of her best beloved little gems, though the tone of her voice was rather sad, and hence the sympathy of good Aunt Faith, who was the only one of the whole household who seemed to understand Meta at all. Now Aunt Faith was no relation of the family, for though Meta and all the boys called her "Aunt," still she was nothing more than what they call "help" in the country; but by her kindness and goodness of heart, she had made herself very much loved by all who knew her, and especially by Meta, for young folks are ready to find out a sympathizing heart and cling to it. But the singing stopped, and Meta sat with her peas half shelled, lost in a reverie.

At last she said, half aloud, "I wonder why I should not write some poetry! I love it so—O, so much—and it seems to me I could very easily put some of these many, many thoughts, that come thronging through my brain, on paper. At any rate, I mean to try," and over went the basket with the pea-pods, and away flew Meta to her own room, and in two minutes she was in her favorite seat by the open window, her pen hardly running fast enough to keep up with her ideas.

Dinner time came, and no Meta; and just as the sun had kissed his hand to the little white, fleecy clouds all around him, making them blush at his audacity, she awoke from her long but happy work—awoke to find that she had written uncon-

sciously the longing desire of her heart. What so natural as that she should tell of the yearning of the human heart for sympathy? What so beautiful as her pleasing, touching prayer to all, to every one of God's children to hold out the hand of kindly brotherhood to the least of His creatures? And what so grand, so comforting as her reiteration of the great solace for us all—the unlimited love and sympathy of our Heavenly Father.

* * * * *

In a poor, meanly-furnished garret bedroom in the heart of a great city, and by the light of a single candle, a boy sat reading. His large, brown eyes had that longing look which tells his story only too plainly to the eyes that choose to interpret it—the loneliness of the heart. One could see at a glance that no carefree mother's hand had rested on that broad white brow since he was a little child, and the drawn lines around the mouth told of suffering both of mind and body. He had a torn newspaper in his hand, and was eagerly reading the contents, for it is not often that he enjoyed the privilege of reading anything; for hard work and a cruel master had done all they could to crush any noble aspirations out of his mind.

But something had caught his eye, and he bent with greater interest over the paper, as he spied, in one corner, a little poem.

"Misunderstood." The very name brought the tears to his eyes, and, as he read on, they rolled down his cheeks, and he cried like a child. He read to the end, and then threw down the paper and fell on his knees, praying as he had not prayed since he knelt at his mother's knee and lisped, "Our Father who art in heaven."

O, how those verses touched his heart! How perfectly they portrayed his own feelings! Surely some one must have been in his very situation to have written them; some one must have yearned, as he did, for sympathy in this dreary world.

But to go to God for it. That was a new idea to him—a startling and, at first, a fearful idea. But, O, how calm, how tranquil he felt after he had gone to the Lord with his troubles.

Surely Christian, of whom John Bunyan wrote in his Pilgrim's Progress, did not feel more thankful when, at the sight of the Cross, his bundle fell from off his back and he was free.

Years passed, and Meta Hardy grew to be a woman. A brilliant and honored writer in the literary world. She found sympathy and friends as she became successful; but her truest joy has ever been that she led one soul, now doubly dear, to God, and that her first little poem, the out-pouring of her heart on that sunny summer day of long ago, was the heaven-sent guide.

"He prayeth best who leaves unguessed
The mystery of another's breast.
Why cheeks grow pale, why eyes o'erflow,
Or heads grow white, thou need'st not know.
Enough to note, by many a sign,
That every heart hath need like thine.
Pray for us."

Selected.

KEEP AWAY FROM THE WHEELS.—Little Charles Williams lived near a manufactory, and he was very fond of going among the workmen and the young people who were at work there. The foreman would say to him, "Keep away from the wheels, Charlie." Charlie did not mind, and would often say, "I can take care of myself!" Often he would go near, and the wind of the wheels would almost suck him in, and two or three times he grew so dizzy that he scarcely knew which way to go. At length one day he staggered while amid the wheels, and fell the wrong way; the band caught his little coat and drew him in, and he was dreadfully mangled.

So it is, boys, when you go in the way of temptation; you may think you can take care of yourselves, and keep clear of the wheels; but oh; you may find yourselves dreadfully mistaken. Before you are aware of it, you may be caught and destroyed. Keep away from the wheels.

The Juvenile Instructor.

GEORGE Q. CANNON - - EDITOR.

SATURDAY, MAY 27, 1871.

EDITORIAL THOUGHTS.



HERE are some sins which are greater than others. To sin against the Holy Ghost, or to shed innocent blood, is a most dreadful crime, the worst a man can commit, and one that cannot be forgiven. Judas Iscariot was guilty of this, and many other apostles have been guilty of the same crime. Next to this is the sin of adultery. Those who indulge in this great sin fall under heavy condemnation, and unless they thoroughly repent, their punishment will be severe. Many more sins might be mentioned which are of a very grave character; but we will only mention one now. It is the sin of ingratitude, a sin that is far too common.

Probably some of our readers may not understand what this sin is. We will explain.

God, our heavenly Father, blesses his children with His Spirit, and health, food, raiment and other favors. Those who receive these, and do not feel thankful to Him for them, are guilty of ingratitude.

Parents take care of and are kind to their children. They nurse them in infancy, watch over them in childhood, and do all in their power to supply their wants and make them comfortable. But some children disobey their parents, neglect and treat them coldly, or perhaps unkindly, and show no thankfulness for what they have done for them. This is ingratitude.

A man is in poor circumstances; he is destitute and knows not what to do or which way to turn to help himself. But some benevolent person, learning his situation, steps forward and renders him assistance. With this aid he gets a start and prospers, and is soon in easy circumstances. If he then forgets the man who befriended him and shows no thankfulness for his favors, or turns against him, he is guilty of ingratitude.

Thousands of poor Saints have been brought from the old world by the help of the Saints in this country. Many after reaching here have been prospered in their circumstances, and then they have forgotten their God, denied the faith and spoken evil of the people who were their benefactors. This is ingratitude.

Ungrateful people seem to think that those who render them kindness are under obligations to do so, and that in favoring them they do no more than their duty. Such a feeling is disgusting, and is an evidence of a bad heart. Neither God nor just men can take pleasure in such people, and they lose the favor of all.

A grateful man is thankful for every kindness which he receives. He appreciates it, and does not fail to show the person who bestows it, that he is thankful for it, and he never lets an opportunity pass of returning it. It is a pleasure to do kindness to a grateful man or child. God blesses such men, women and children, and their friends do not get tired of them. But ungrateful children or grown up persons, drive friendship, love and respect away from them.

Children, shun ingratitude.

THE Koran is the name of a book which the followers of Mohammed hold as sacred. It is composed of revelations

which Mohammed professed to have received, and it is really the Mohammedan bible. It was originally written in Arabic, the language of the Arabs, Mohammed himself being one of that race. It is the custom in Mohammedan countries for children to learn to read the Koran before everything else. The pupils have two difficulties to contend with; first, to learn to read, and second, to learn to read in a foreign language. The Arabic, in which the Koran is written, is the language of literature, and not the Arabic of every day life. A person may learn to read the Koran in the language in which it is written, and yet be unable to read a paragraph in a newspaper. The reason of this is that the modern language has been greatly changed. You can see from this that it is no easy task for a Mohammedan child to become a scholar. When the young scholar has for the first time read the Koran through to the end, his parents are very proud and greatly delighted. If the parents be rich, they make it the occasion of solemn and expensive festivities. Even the poorest parents celebrate the delightful event. The teacher goes with his happy pupil to the house of the parents, where friends, acquaintances and neighbors are assembled. A new reading desk is placed in the centre of the room, and teacher and pupil crouch down before it looking with reverence upon the sacred book which it supports. Then he begins to recite certain verses. The listeners utter sighs of delight; they wag their heads; they roll their eyes and even the tears course down their cheeks; and yet many of them cannot understand a single word that is said.

After a boy has mastered the Koran then he is ready to proceed with other studies. He learns to write in Arabic no matter what his native language may be. The writing material for beginners in Turkey consists in a very smooth yellow or green paper upon which the scholar writes with a kind of india-ink and a huge reed pen. After the teacher has examined the writing the pupil wipes it out with a sponge—the paper being so smooth and strong that it may be used from ten to twenty times. There are scholars in that country who boast of having learned to write on a single sheet of paper. No man is considered a scholar unless he writes an elegant hand, but very few learn how to write their own language well because all their practice is in Arabic.

From this you will see that going to school in Mohammedan countries is not the pleasant business that it is with us. There it is a great labor and very trying to the minds and bodies of the pupils. They have not the nice books in those countries that our children have. Their grammar has been in use several hundred years and is old fashioned and difficult to understand, and their geographies have not been altered for generations. They do not even acknowledge the existence of America or Australia. How thankful we who live in this land should be for the many opportunities that we have of gaining knowledge. We have plenty of books and they are written in simple, easy style, they can be easily understood by everybody. We think our system of spelling is very bad, and so it is; but then it is easy compared with the tasks that the Turkish boys have to learn. We have the Bible, the Book of Mormon and the Book of Covenants written in very simple, easy language. Little boys and girls can read the Book of Mormon and easily understand it, its language is so simple. We know of no book in the English language written in such clear language as the Book of Mormon. The Lord evidently intended that it should be understood by the most ignorant as well as the most learned.

Cheerfulness is a cheap medicine. Mirthfulness is a philosophy not well understood. It is the sunnyside of existence.

Use not to-day what to-morrow may want; be frugal, and thou shalt have enough.

A thing of beauty is a joy for ever.

THE WOLF LIGHTHOUSE. A CONJUROR'S TRICK.

IN our last number we gave an illustration of a telegraph ship, which can also be used if necessary as a light-ship. Herewith we present a view of a lighthouse known as the "Wolf Rock Lighthouse," which is built near Penzance, Cornwall, England. It was completed and the lanterns set up on the 22nd of December, 1869; but in consequence of the roughness of the sea, the light-keepers could not be got to the rock until the 25th of that month. By the 1st of the next January, they had got their work so far advanced that they were prepared to light up on that night. It has a brilliant and powerful revolving light, which shows alternate flashes of white and red.

A lighthouse is a building from the top of which light is shown at night as a direction or warning to mariners. They are placed on headlands and upon rocks and sands, and at the entrance of harbors. They are built of wood, stone, brick, cast iron and wrought iron. The most noted light-houses in the world are built of stone. In old times wood was used for lights at the top of lighthouses; afterwards coal was burned; in some they burned candles, but now oil is principally used.

The use of lighthouses is to warn seamen against dangerous parts of the coast, and, in other instances, to show them the way to port. They were in use in very ancient times. Before lighthouses were used, fires were built on headlands, and prominent points; but by degrees, ingenious

men constructed towers, so as to raise these lights as high as possible, that they might be seen a great distance. The most noted lighthouse in the world for size and age, was the Pharos of Alexandria, in Egypt. This building was finished about three hundred years before the birth of the Savior. The style and workmanship are said to have been superb, and it was built of white stone. Its height was about five hundred and fifty feet. Josephus says that the light, which was always kept burning on its top at night, was visible about forty-one miles. It was probably destroyed by an earthquake; but at what time is not known. It is certain, however, that this tower existed for one thousand six hundred years. It was built on an island called Pharos, and it was from this that it took its name. To this day the French word for lighthouse is phare, and the Italian and Spanish, faro.

One of the most remarkable light-houses of modern times is the tower of Cordouan. It is situated on a ledge of rocks at the mouth of the river Garonne or Gironde in the Bay of Biscay. It was commenced in 1584 and finished in 1610; twenty-six years having been occupied in building it. From the rock on which it is built to the upper part is one hundred and sixty-two feet. A fire of oak wood was kept burning at night on its upper part for about one hundred years. After that coal was used instead of wood, and now oil is burned. There are other lighthouses descriptions of which we have given in previous numbers of the Juvenile Instructor.

A CIRCUMSTANCE in Houdin's life shows how daringly conjurors who amuse us will often play with danger, depending on their ready fingers to secure their safety. He had performed some startling fire-arm tricks before a party of Arabians, making use, of course, of the ordinary conjuring pistol, which is so contrived that the ramrod withdraws the bullet. While the rest of the party was expressing their admiration, a crafty old Marabout, who had some suspicion of the true nature of the trick, said, "The stranger is doubtless a strong magician; will he suffer me to fire at him with my own pistols!" "Yes," said Houdin, unhesitatingly, "but first I must make invocation to those who assist me."

The next day he met the same party, and offered a saucerful of bullets to the inspection of the Marabout. Satisfied that they were lead—is indeed they were—the Arab handed his pistols to Houdin, using the Arab's ramrod. His own friends were in terror, and even his wife, well as she knew his skill, was in perplexity when she saw him hand back to the Arab one of the loaded pistols.

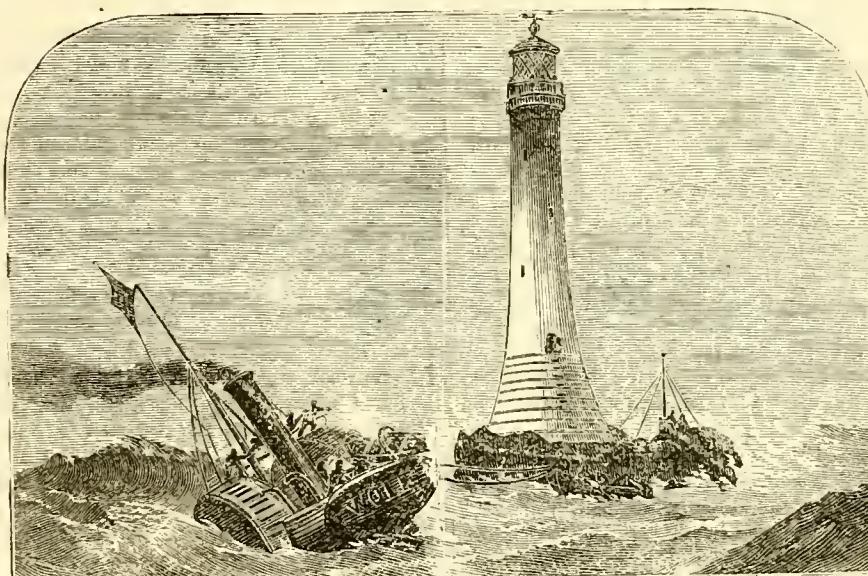
"Now fire," he said.

The Arab did so, and Houdin was seen with the bullet between his teeth.

"Bah," he said, seizing the other pistol, "you cannot use your own weapons! See here. You have been unable to draw blood from my flesh, I will draw blood from yonder wall."

He aimed at the wall, fired, and immediately a stain of blood was seen. The Marabout went up to the wall, and when he had dipped his finger in the blood, which was trickling down, his awe and amazement were so great that his features assumed a ghastly hue. Yet the trick was simple enough—two prepared bullets having been skillfully substituted by Houdin for the leaden bullets he took from the sancer. But the experiment was quite new, and Houdin tells us that he trembled and could scarcely control his terror as he saw the Marabout draw the trigger of the pistol.

FIFTEEN GREAT MISTAKES.—It is a great mistake to set up our own standard of the right and wrong, and judge people accordingly. It is a great mistake to measure the enjoyments of others by our own; to expect other people to see with our eyes; to look for judgment and experience in youth; to endeavor to mold all dispositions alike; not to yield in immaterial trifles; to look for perfection in our own actions; to worry ourselves and others with what cannot be remedied; not to alleviate all that needs alleviation, as far as lies in our power; not to make allowance for the infirmities of others; to consider everything impossible which we cannot perform; to believe only what our finite minds can grasp; to expect to be able to understand everything. The greatest of all mistakes is to live only for time, when any moment may launch us into eternity.



HISTORY OF THE CHURCH.

(Continued.)

ON the 20th of April, 1841, President Brigham Young, and his fellow-apostles, Heber C. Kimball, Orson Pratt, John Taylor, Wilford Woodruff, George A. Smith and Willard Richards, embarked on the ship Rochester, Captain Woodhouse, at Liverpool for New York, accompanied by one hundred and thirty Saints, who had started for Zion. Brothers Orson Hyde and Parley P. Pratt remained behind, the former to prosecute his mission to Jerusalem, to which he had been appointed by the Prophet Joseph, and the latter to preside over the British mission.

In taking his departure from Great Britain, it was with a heart full of gratitude to God that Brother Brigham reflected upon his dealings with Him, and his brethren of the Twelve, during the year which he had spent there. It looked like a miracle to contrast the difference between his and his brethren's landing at Liverpool, and their departure therefrom. They had landed as strangers in a strange land, friendless and in a destitute condition; but now how changed!

After a somewhat rough voyage the Rochester cast anchor in New York harbor on May 19th, having passed all the ships which sailed at the time she did, and those also which had sailed several days before. As soon as the anchor was dropped, a steamer came down to get the latest news. On this steamer was an editor who had paid forty-five dollars for the privilege of boarding the ship and obtaining all the items of interest from Europe. This was a mark of enterprise on the part of the newspaper to which he belonged. But how different a system this was of obtaining news to that which prevails at present! Now editors at New York sit in their offices, and everything of interest that occurs in Europe is spread before them each day by means of the telegraph cables, which have been stretched across the ocean and been buried in its depths. There is no necessity now to wait for sailing vessels, or indeed steamers, to bring the news. Lightning is harnessed, and by its agency news is transmitted, not only across the ocean, but to all parts of the continent. An important event occurs in Europe, and the next day the particulars are read by the people of Salt Lake city. Lightning carries the news from Europe to America, and it is sent by the same means to every corner of the land.

On July 1st, President Young and the other apostles, with the exception of Elders Willard Richards and Wilford Woodruff, who had stopped to visit in the East, arrived at Nauvoo and received a warm welcome from the Prophet Joseph, their families and the Saints. The Prophet in speaking of their return says, in his history:

"They certainly have been the instruments in the hands of God of accomplishing much, and must have the satisfaction of knowing that they have done their duty. Perhaps no men ever undertook such an important mission under such peculiarly distressing, fortidging and unpropitious circumstances. Most of them, when they left this place, nearly two years ago, were worn down with sickness and disease, or were taken sick on the road. Several of their families were also afflicted and needed their aid and support. But knowing that they had been called by the God of Heaven to preach the gospel to other nations, they conferred not with flesh and blood, but obedient to the heavenly mandate, without purse or scrip, commenced a journey of five thousand miles entirely dependent on the providence of that God who had called them to such a holy calling. While journeying to the sea board, they were brought into many trying circumstances; after a short recovery from severe sickness, they would be taken with a relapse, and have to stop among strangers, without money and without friends. Their lives were several times despaired of, and they have taken each other by the hand, expecting it would be the last time they should behold one another in the flesh."

"However, notwithstanding their afflictions and trials, the Lord always interposed in their behalf, and did not suffer them to sink in the arms of death. Some way or other was made for their escape; friends rose up when they most needed them, and relieved their necessities; and thus they were enabled to pursue their journey and rejoice in the Holy One of Israel. They, truly, 'went forth weeping, bearing precious seed,' but have 'returned with rejoicing, bearing their sheaves with them.'"

Shortly after their arrival at home, the Prophet received the following revelation concerning Brother Brigham:

"Dear and well-beloved brother Brigham Young, Verily thus saith the Lord unto you, my servant Brigham, it is no more required at your hand to leave your family as in times past, for your offering is acceptable to me; I have seen your labor and toil in journeys for my name. I therefore command you to send my word abroad, and take special care of your family from this time, henceforth, and for ever. Amen."

On the 16th of August a special Conference was held at Nauvoo at which the Prophet Joseph stated the duties that he expected the Twelve to attend to. He said:

"That the time had come when the Twelve should be called upon to stand in their place next to the First Presidency, and attend to the settling of emigrants and the business of the Church at the Stakes, and assist to bear off the kingdom victorious to the nations; and as they had been faithful and had borne the burden in the heat of the day, that it was right that they should have an opportunity of providing something for themselves and families, and at the same time relieve him, so that he might attend to the business of translating."

The Conference adopted a resolution approving of the instructions of President Joseph Smith in relation to the Twelve.

Brother Brigham on his return found his family living in a small, unfinished log-cabin, situated on a low, wet lot, and so swampy that when the first attempt was made to plow it the oxen mired. The time that he had to spare from his public duties he devoted to the draining, fencing and cultivating of his lot, building a shelter for his cow and chickens, and otherwise finishing his house, and making his family comfortable.

MISSIONARY SKETCHES.

(Continued.)

LEAVING Gamberiar we traveled through the gold mines one week and sold our books and tracts to the miners and preached to them the gospel, and then came to a city called Windsor situated on the Penreth River. As we had been traveling several days in the rain, and had been wet through every day, we were desirous of getting a place to stay in the suburbs of this city and recruit ourselves and clean up before commencing our labors in the ministry. We tried twelve times to stay all night, but were refused very abruptly each time. We found that a parson of the church of England had gone before us, and had warned the people that the Mormon Elders were coming, and they must shut their doors against them. It was now nine o'clock at night, and was raining very hard. We walked up Main street in this city, and were so wet, tired and hungry that we could but just walk. We had traveled twenty-four miles that day with but very little food to eat, and our boots were worn out and our feet scalded with the water and blistered very badly. In those circumstances my companion said to me, with tears in his eyes,

"Is it possible that the Lord has forsaken us, and will suffer us to die in the streets of this city?"

I said to him, "Brother John Said," for that was his name, "this is a trial of our faith, and after the bitter then comes the sweet."

While we were thus conversing, I looked ahead some distance, and saw a confectioner's shop with the door open. I said to my companion "we will try to stay there." As we drew near to the place we saw a man come out of the shop and walk into the middle of the street. He came down the street towards us. He and I met first, as I was in advance of my companion, and said: "Good evening, friends. I have been waiting for you some time. What has made you so late?" As I answered his questions I drew close to him, and looked him in the face, to see if I could recognize him; but I could not.

He asked: "Where are you going to stay to night?"

I said: "We do not know."

He then put his hand into his pocket and gave me some money, and went to my companion and did the same; and then said:

"Boys, do you see that large four-story house on the corner?"

We replied that we did.

"Well," said he, "you go there and tell the landlord that you have been sent there to occupy the green room to night, and he will conduct you to it, and give you all the accomodations that he can afford."

After saying this the stranger left us, and passed on out of our sight, in the dark. We then proceeded to the house, and found all things as the stranger had represented. The landlord conducted us to the green room, it was in the fourth story of the house, and while going up the long stairs my companion said to me, "Stop!" I stopped, and he said in a low voice "I fear that this is a plan laid to destroy us." I told him not to fear, for we had suffered enough, and the Lord was about to bless us. Arrived at the room we found it a beautiful place, but we were not fit tenants for such a fine room, as our clothing was wet through and muddy. We found everything as the stranger who met us in the street had told us. There was dry clothing for us to put on, and a good bed to sleep in, and the landlord sent us up a warm supper. We then looked at the money that the man gave us in the street and found it to be English money of the denominations ranging from a crown down to the smallest coin in silver, and what seemed strange to us was that both of us had the same amount and pieces just alike; the man seemed to have a pocket nearly full of money, and it was dark when he gave it to us. After supper we went to bed and had a good night's rest and pleasant dreams. The next morning we got up and partook of the hospitalities of the house and asked the landlord our bill. He answered that "there was no charge," so we went on our way rejoicing.

We spent a few days in this city, and preached and sold our books and had a good time with the people. I baptized one man and his family; the man had been a Methodist preacher, and I ordained him an Elder, and he commenced preaching the doctrines of the Latter-day Saints. While traveling in this city I called at a public house to distribute our books. I found two American men there, and when they heard me say I was an American, they asked me if I was a Mormon preacher. I said, "Yes, sir." "Well," said one of them, "you must have something to drink with me as you are a fellow countryman of mine." I told him that I did not drink spirituous liquors of any kind, but he insisted that I must take some wine with him. So he went into another room, as he said, to get some wine out of the cellar. I was showing my books to several in the room when he returned with the glasses of wine and presented one of them to me and requested me to drink with him. I could see by the man's countenance that he had done something wrong, so I told him that I should not drink the wine in the glass that he offered me, but if he would change glasses and give me the one that he was going to drink, I would drink it if he would drink the one he offered me. He then flew into a rage, for he knew that I had detected his design to try to poison me. I had overheard him say, while he was gone after the wine, that "the Mormon priests say that poison will not hurt them, but I will soon show you that I will make one of them ache." He also said that he was one of the party that shot Joseph Smith at Carthage jail. He took one of my books and said that I should not have it again if I did not drink the wine that he gave me. I stepped to the door and saw two policemen passing and called to them. They came to my assistance, and I told them my story. They hunted for the man, to take him, but he was not to be found. The next day my companion went to a farm house a few miles from the city to distribute some tracts and books and found one of those Americans there. When he left the house, this stranger followed him with his Minnie rifle, and remarked that he had a killing contract to kill

all of the Mormon Elders that he could find, and when he had said those words he drew his rifle to his face, and said "here goes for the first one" and fired, the bullet passed within a few inches of my comrade's head. This vile murderer was so close to him that he did not take close sight on his gun. When he found that he had not hit him, he commenced loading his piece again, but by the time he had got his gun loaded my partner was nearly a quarter of a mile distant. The ruffian gave chase, and when he came within about one hundred yards he took a rest on a stump and fired. But the bullet whistled near by and missed again. The assassin then gave up the chase and went back.

Payson,

AMASA POTTER.

(To be continued.)

[For the *Juvenile Instructor*.
RECOLLECTIONS.
(Continued.)

IT is said "calms succeed storms," "one extreme follows another," &c. Certainly joy followed closely on the heels of grief more than once this day, for when Joseph and Thomas reached home, to their surprise and unspeakable joy, they found all their cattle safely corralled in their yards where they had been all the afternoon. Alden, it seems, reached the herd ground just after Joseph had left. He found the cattle straggling off in the wrong direction unherded, he could find no trace of the boys or horses, although he discovered the dinner pails at the spring as usual. When he had thoroughly satisfied himself by observations that all was not right, and perhaps something very serious was the matter, he came to the conclusion to take the dinner pails, gather up the cattle and go home, which he did by the lower road, reaching home some time after the company had left by the upper road in search of them. He of course learned the particulars of the whole affair, and must have felt thankful that he had escaped. A messenger was sent to notify the company of the safety of the cattle, but for some reason he did not overtake them.

In the Spring of 1847, George Mills was fitted out with a team and went in the company of President Young as one of the Pioneers to the Valley; and soon after, a portion of the family, in the care of Brother James Lawson, emigrated from "Winter Quarters," arriving in the Valley that fall.

In the Spring of 1848, a tremendous effort was made by the Saints to immigrate to the Valley on a grand scale. No one was more anxious than Widow Smith; but to accomplish it seemed an impossibility. She still had a large and, comparatively, helpless family. Her two sons, John and Joseph, mere boys, being her only support; the men folks, as they were called, Brothers J. Lawson and G. Mills being in the valley with the teams they had taken. Without teams sufficient to draw the number of wagons necessary to haul provisions and outfit for the family, and without means to purchase, or friends who were in circumstances to assist, she determined to make the attempt, and trust in the Lord for the issue. Accordingly every nerve was strained, and every available object was brought into requisition. "Jackie" was traded off for provisions, cows and calves were yoked up, two wagons lashed together, and team barely sufficient to draw one was hitched on to them, and in this manner they rolled out from Winter Quarters some time in May. After a series of the most amusing and trying circumstances, such as sticking in the mud, doubling teams up all the little hills and crashing at ungovernable speed down the opposite sides, breaking wagon tongues and reaches, upsetting, and vainly endeavoring to control wild steers, heifers and unbroken cows, they finally succeeded in reaching the Elk Horn, where the companies were being organized for the plains.

Here, widow Smith reported herself to President Kimball, as having "started for the Valley." Meantime, she had left no stone unturned or problem untried, which promised assistance in effecting the necessary preparations for the journey. She had done to her utmost, and still the way looked dark and impossible.

President Kimball consigned her to Captain ——'s fifty. The Captain was present; said he,

"Widow Smith, how many wagons have you?"

"Seven."

"How many yokes of oxen have you?"

"Four," and so many cows and calves.

"Well," says the captain, "Widow Smith, it is folly for you to start in this manner; you never can make the journey, and if you try it, you will be a burden upon the company the whole way. My advice to you is, go back to Winter Quarters and wait till you can get help."

This speech aroused the indignation of Joseph, who stood by and heard it; he thought it was poor consolation to his mother who was struggling so hard, even against hope as it were, for her deliverance; and if he had been a little older it is possible that he would have said some very harsh things to the Captain; but as it was, he busied himself with his thoughts and bit his lips.

Widow Smith calmly replied, "Father ——" (he was an aged man,) "I will beat you to the Valley and will ask no help from you either!"

This seemed to nettle the old gentleman, for he was high metal. It is possible that he never forgot this prediction, and that it influenced his conduct towards her more or less from that time forth as long as he lived, and especially during the journey.

While the companies were lying at Elk Horn, Widow Smith sent back to Winter Quarters, and by the blessing of God, succeeded in buying on credit, and hiring for the journey, several yokes of oxen from brethren who were not able to emigrate that year, (among these brethren one Brother Rogers was ever gratefully remembered by the family.) When the companies were ready to start, Widow Smith and her family were somewhat better prepared for the journey and rolled out with lighter hearts and better prospects than favored their egress from Winter Quarters. But Joseph often wished that his mother had been consigned to some other company, for although everything seemed to move along pleasantly, his ears were frequently saluted with expressions which seemed to be prompted by feelings of disappointment and regret at his mother's prosperity and success—expressions which, it seemed to him, were made expressly for his ear. To this, however, he paid as little regard as it was possible for a boy of his temperament to do. One cause for annoyance was the fact that his mother would not permit him to stand guard of nights the same as a man or his older brother John, when the Captain required it. She was willing for him to herd in the day time and do his duty in everything that seemed to her in reason could be required of him; but, as he was only ten years of age, she did not consider him old enough to do guard duty of nights to protect the camp from Indians, stampedes, &c.; therefore, when the Captain required him to stand guard, Widow Smith objected. He was, therefore, frequently sneered at as being "petted by his mother," which was a sore trial to him.

[To be continued.]

A LITTLE girl in Pennsylvania was reproved for playing out doors with boys, and informed that, being seven years old, she was "too big for that now." But, with all imaginable innocence, she replied:—"Why, the bigger we grow the better we like 'em." Grandma took time to think.

Selected Poetry.

TO WHOM SHALL WE GIVE THANKS?

A little boy had sought the pump

From whence the sparkling water burst,

And drank with eager joy the draught;

That kindly quenched his raging thirst;

Then gracefully he touched his cap—

I thank you Mr. Pump, he said,

For this nice drink you've given me!

(This little boy had been well bred.)

Then said the pump: My little man,

You're welcome to what I have done;

But I am not the one to thank—

I only help the water run.

Oh, then, the little fellow said,

(Polite he always meant to be,) Cold Water, please accept my thanks,

You have been very kind to me.

Ah! said Cold Water, don't thank me;

Far up in the hillside lives the Spring

That sends me forth with generous hand

To gladden every living thing.

I'll thank the Spring, then, said the boy,

And gracefully he bowed his head.

Oh, don't thank me, my little man,

The Spring with silvery accents said.

Oh, don't thank me—for what am I

Without the dew and summer rain?

Without their aid I ne'er could quench

Your thirst, my little boy, again.

Oh, well, then, said the little boy,

I'll gladly thank the Rain and Dew,

Pray, don't thank us—without the Sun

We could not fill one cup for you.

Then, Mr. Sun, ten thousand thanks

For all that you have done for me.

Stop! said the Sun, with blushing face,

My little fellow, don't thank me;

'Twas from the Ocean's mighty stores

I drew the draught for thee.

Oh, Ocean, thanks! then said the boy—

It echoed back, not unto me.

Not unto me, but unto Him

Who formed the depths in which I lie,

Go, give thy thanks, my little boy,

To Him who will thy wants supply,

The boy took off his cap, and said,

In tones so gentle and subdued,

Oh, God, I thank Thee for this gift,

Thou art the Giver of all good.

A noble man is he who can die patiently, but still nobler is he who can live patiently.

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